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up the well-known category stated by
r. Cross. It seems to have struck the British
government that, though Russia does not covet
possession of Constantinople, still
NO ASSURANCE IS GIVEN
that that city will not eventually be drawn into
the Russian sphere of influence.

THE SINKING OF A TURKISH MONITOR.
Dispatch to London Times.
BUCHAREST, May 27.—One of the most daring deeds ever recorded in the history of warfare was performed on the Lower Danube, near Galatz, on Saturday morning last. A small detachment of Russian soldiers, commanded by

have taken great pains to ascertain the composition of the Turkish forces along the cube, and I think my statistics may be relied on. At Whiddin, the extreme western post,

was rejected—155 to 50.
FENIAN DAVITT.
Government has taken into favorable
consideration the case of the Fenian Davitt, who
was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude.
THE BRADSTUFFS TRADE.
LONDON, June 12.—The *Mark Lane Express*'

Miss. Tenn., June 12.—The damage by heavy rain-storm of Friday, in North Mississippi is very great. In many instances the crops are ruined entirely, fences swept away, stock drowned.

Damage on the Mississippi & Tennessee—Mississippi Central, the Memphis &

IN THE MOON
 Thinkst thou I'd make a life of je-
 No: to be once in doubt, is
 Yes, I was mad, wine-maddened
 When, in the glare of the ball-
 I saw her—she, the woman that
 For her love had held it but she
 She caught my gaze, and, smiling
 To the man beside her. My hot
 Dr. A. G. Miller

She should meet them there—the w
the man I hated?

She was mine until, in an evil ho
He crossed her path, and the sarp
Of his eyes fell on her; and then
Oft-told story of a woman's sham
The music rose in a delirious
And song and laughter on the sof

Of its throbbing pain, and the ve
That bound my soul in an iron gr
And held my will in a mighty clas
I saw her oft, in his circling arms
Pass to and fro in the dance's cha

I turned and sought the night's
There, in the moonlight, I stood
In a calmer mood, the distant
Of a voice awoke me
That lured them there O the tri
That thrilled my soul all my very
Rang with the frenzy of a jealous
A woman's laugh, like a song's
Where the musical splash of the f
Sent the hot blood leaping like liv
Gave my heart, pulsing high with

God: why did they curse me
banned

With the hellish passion of a love

A woman's shriek on the night ran
A cry for help—and a man's hoarse
A trampling of feet—a rush—but—
Of my hand on his throat was like
Of Death. . . . I remember
Something gleamed from his hand.
—a fall—

And there, at my feet, in the moon
The red tide from my breast ebbed
Yes, I was mad, wine-maddened,

Taw her—she, the woman that
For her love had held that cheap
Dress

THE FURNITURE-
New York Times.

It is not almost time to rebel
Against the household art? The
fessors of household art? The
ones, persistent, and dogmatic in
their taste. No is a word no
longer to be comfortable in a
house. We must be artistic first
before afterward—if possible. Ac-
cording of writers and lecturers, we
must be literary, and we must
be artistic. People are
to pursue the even tenor of the
life, buying, using, and enjoying
what they chiefly live for. It
must be or be deemed vulgar.
Household artists, be must fill
an odd jumble of the furniture
acres, from high chairs to
bedsteads, and hang his hat on a

live with an Egyptian obelisk, XIV. bedstead, and when the long hair in a woman's hair is the esthetic trifle of this moral era, the grave wife satiate the heart-lore.

Nearly every newspaper, book, and the London and the household decoration. Even the girls are not spared; once juvenile estheticism on this point, and the girls are ruthlessly tore from it and taught to make accommodations for the curls, and the newspaper, giving way to an uniform the *Shorter* *Batchelor* on the subject of the reader, a bay-window filled with gipsies for a fireplace which is called a fireplace. You are not over the vain attempt to be esthetic; and sensible old people who are the disciples of the misshapen and dwarfed by imitations unimpaired by house-sitting buyers and the Rembrandt, and Queen Anne.

The curious and worrying feature of this craze is that it has not yet been satisfied. Notwithstanding all the talk about the world's progress in being invited to burn away wastelands, the recent design. Our grandfathers were the Raphaels and Michelangelos, the real old masters of the furniture world. A sideboard with drawers used as a hen-coop or, much better, as a sideboard with drawers which weighed a ton, and was used by a family of six, was furiously depicted in the magazine as a marvel of art. To be thorough must discard carvings, turn out the water-works, and produce a simple, diaphanous simplicity. Carrels which floors which make one slayer and

do not warn, rustable the place and the house for life. No more in the house for life. No more in the household decoration. The clean must be banished, and the crooked terror toward it. The clean must take its place. Then, when the dirt in the household has stripped the clean, the crookedness will be the products of a high civilization down among the discomforts of the town. Accusers and laity that take themselves.

Taken in moderate times, each household may be harmless. But the same is the Professor. He is the dealers, the whole business. It has become an unmitigated net. The Professor is a man of his generation and his generation. Who has a smattering of art, inflicts upon a long-suffering public. It is to say that some of the "best" things which have been held forth for imitation are preposterous beyond the horizon.

make house-furnishing, the effort, to make one's surroundings figure instead of his accessories.

HUB-BULLETIN.
Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The White Mountain Hotels are fishing, has commenced in dishes and milk-jugs.

A foreign correspondent thinks, had brought his mother-in-law to she would have made that cross now.

They arrested a burglar on the Joseph Gillott. In New York this

There is a general complaint the dealers are slow to give their customers the benefit of an oversold stock, marked down against their own interest. It is nearly a month, and yet the price of unchanged.

"If you won't mention this from me," said a remarker, "a set of dealers will be sure to say that can be was having. 'I never let a customer,' I shall regard this select as my own."

"Pa," said Miss Spicer, "I'm going her parent for a set of hangers. I difference between you and the Pullins. 'About as tall and a pile,' said I, 'I'm not thinking of his being so tall.' No, the Pullman is a sea-lane, a callous pa."

"Come to your dining with Mr. Arthur Velecky, or are other people here?" But don't say anything until home o'clock in the morning," he told to "Sm' the lodge 'th Wales." It was
you hear me!"

PARISIAN WIT.
Translated for New York News

At the Assizes; The Court:—"What will your wife? Prisoner—"Because had become unmanageable."—"But you might have let her." Prisoner vowed to cleave to him so long as she lived."

The other night, Shylock (of the firm of Shylock & Co., advances man security) was at the bar with his head bowed and his hands clasped in prayer and start. "What do I care?" he said, terrified wild. "O Lord, had a few

